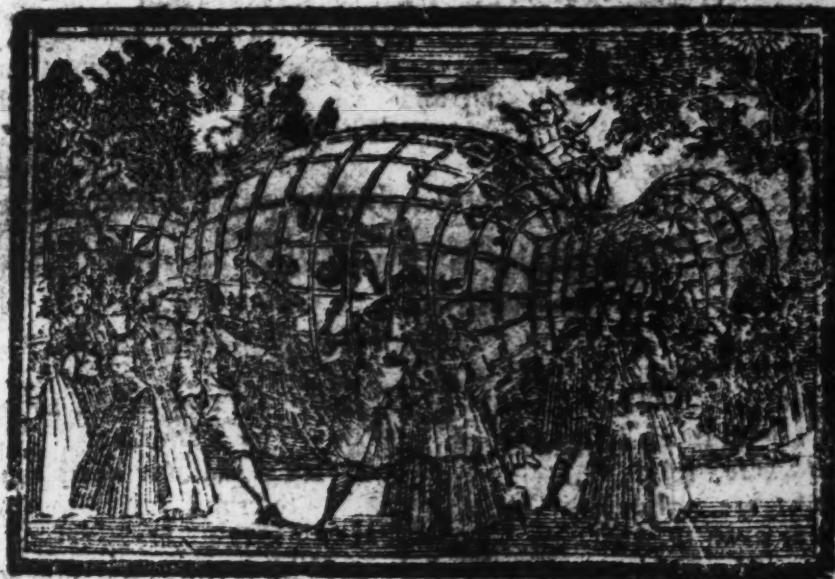


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THE
Lover's Jubilee.

BEING A
Choice Collection of *NEW SONGS*,

Sung this and the last Season, at Ranelagh,
Vauxhall, Sadler's Wells, the Theatres,
and in the politest Companies, viz.



Containing,

- | | |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1. The Friend and Pitcher. | 11. The Sea Storm. |
| 2. New Yoe, Yoe. | 12. The Banks of Shannon. |
| 3. The Happy Soldier. | 13. The Poor Soldier. |
| 4. The Shady Green Tree. | 14. The Jolly Lads. |
| 5. Polly's Complaint in Bedlam. | 15. The Resolute Lover. |
| 6. The Phiz Tickler. | 16. Nancy! I have lost my Wig. |
| 7. Leg-law. | 17. The Irish Lad. |
| 8. Birmingham Sall. | 18. The Sailor's Wife. |
| 9. A Damsel of Sixteen. | 19. A Bold Stroke for a Wife. |
| 10. The Charming Fellow. | 20. Women, Love, and Wine. |

1. *FRIEND and PITCHER.* But now 'tis time for to leave off,

THE wealthy tool with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer,
Give me but health, I ask no more,
Than my sweet girl, my friend and
pitcher.

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such wealth mortal can be richer;
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend and
pitcher,

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
To toil a he'ger or a ditcher,
If that when I came home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
Tho' Fortune ever shuns my door,
I can't think what can thus bewitch
her;

With all my heart I can be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and
pitcher.

2. *The New Yoe, Yoe.*

HARK the boatswain hoarsely bawl-
ing,
By-top-sail sheets and hallvar's stard,
Down your topsails quick be hawling.
Your stay sails quickly hand boys hand,
Quick set the braces, don't make wry
faces,

Your topsail sheets let go, let go.
Starboard here, tol de ra,
Larboard there, tol de ra,
Turn your quid, take a swear,
Then Yoe, Yoe, Yoe.

As the ship goes so time passes,
Life's too short to lose a day;
Charge your guns boys fill your g'asses,
For the ship is under weigh.
See how she rolls, heave the lead,
Sound the bowl, mark above water how
she goes.

Don't fear, 'tis all a notion,
When our time's come we must go;
I ne'er mind the billow's motion.
Tho' the ship heaves too and fro'.
See how she rolls, &c.

I do as a sailor should do,
When a bit of a song's in the way,

For I can no longer stay;
The French and the Spaniards may
please us

With their music and such sort of stuff,
But we Britons have tipped them loud
thunder, (too rough,
Which the French have thought music
See how she rolls, &c.

3. *The Happy Soldier.*

HOW happy the soldier who lives on
his pay, (a day,
And spends half a crown out of sixpence.
How happy, &c.

He fears no warrants, or bailiff, or bum,
But pays all his debts with the roll of
his drum,

With a row, dow, dow, &c.
He cares not a farthing how all the
world goes, (and so the;
The king finds him money, and quarters
He cares not, &c.

He laughs at all sorrows whenever they
come, (drum.
And rattles it away with the roll of his
With a row, dow, &c.

The drum is his glory, his joy, and de-
light, (fight;
It leads him to pleasure as well as to
The drum, &c.

For no girl that e'er hears it, tho' ever
so crum, (the drum,
But will pack up her tatters, and follow
With a row, dow, dow, &c.

4. *The Shady Green Tree.*

AS I was walking one midsummer
morning,

Down by a shady green tree,
There did I behold a beautiful virgin,
Sitting all under the shady green tree:
I stepp'd up to her and said, my dear
jewel, (led me,

You're the first girl that ever wound.
You shall not want for gold nor silver,
If you will set your mind on me.
She said, kind Sir, you are better
serving.

I am a poor girl of low degree,



Besides your parents will a'ways be scolding,
Far more sweet than the cherry red,
O' fortune was quite cruel,

So in my flat on contented I'll be:
I'm sure he was a sweet handsome lad,
O Cupid! O Cupid! were not you
Talk not of friends, nor any relation,
O Cupid! O Cupid! were not you
They have no portion at all to give
cruel?

me, (virgin, Had you not one dart to spare?

As I am a young man, and you are a All for to pierce the heart of my jews

Married to-morrow to you I will be. I only wish I had him here.

She sat herself down, I sat myself by her, So on her bed of straw she tumbled,

There did I kiss her beautiful arms, With wringing hands she sigh'd and

With sweet melting kisses and fond em- O here I lay alone and languish, (cry'd

braces, So no more of her face I spy'd.

We slept to ether in each others arms, 6 *The Priz Tickler.*

The space of three hours all in the LONDON town is just like a barber's

green ove shop, (d'rous big-

All under the shady green tree, But, by the Lord Harry, 'tis won-

A d when a wa'd I f and her no virgin, There the painted doll, and the pow-

Married to you I never will be. der'd f p,

She said, k nd Sir, you are my undoing, And may a blockhead wears a wi-

Can you, O can you o cruel be? And I tickled each phiz with a twiggle

How can I pass any more for a virgin, and a friz,

Since y u have had your will of me? With a twiggle, twiggle, twiggle, and

Come all pretty maidens now take a frizzle, frizzle, frizzle,

warning, Thus I tickled e ch phiz with a

Never trust a man in any degree, twi gle and a friz.

For when they've enjoy'd the fruits of A captain of horse I went for to shave,

your garden, (done me, No d—e, says he, with a martial

Then they will leave you as he has frown,

5. *Polly's Complaint in Bedlam.* My razor I pois'd, like a barber brave;

A S I walk'd out one summer's morn- I took him by the nose, but he

ing, knock'd me down,

All for to take the air, Yet I tickled, &c. &c.

There did I see a fair maid walking, Then I went to a lawyer, o! rare sport,

She was lamenting for her dear, Who had a false oath that day for

Crying, O! ye Gods, send my Billy to to swear, (court

me, By my skill sore trouble I spar'd the

Ye Gods above pray take my part, My hot iron bor'd the lawyer's ear.

For he alone has prov'd my ruin, For I tickled, &c. &c.

And now, alas! I feel the smart, I was sent for to dress a fine great miss,

How could my father prove so cruel, Down the lady sits, and her neck

All for the sake of gold and store? she bares;

And I, poor girl, alone must suffer, But Cupid, or the Devil, bid me snatch

All for the sake of a w o e. a kiss, (down stairs.

But don't you see my Billy coming, Ere my iron cool'd, I was kick'd

With angels round him in galore? For I tickled, &c. &c.

And see my Jewel how they guard him, I next went to dress up an old maid's

Until he comes within Bedlam door, hair,

His ruby lips how could I kiss them, Wrinkled and bald as a scolded pig

But she led the dance down with a swimming air, (wig,
This fine old maiden she dropt her
Tho' I ti kled, &c. &c.

7. *LEGALAW.*

'TWAS on the fourth of February,
as I was walking, (clear
That very morning being fair and
A lofty harbour I espy'd,
And as I espy'd it I drew near,
A lofty fountain between two mountains,
As fair a fountain as e'er I saw;
I am inform'd by all the neighbours,
This place is call'd sweet Legalaw.
There is hunting, fishing and fowling,
And salmon trowling as e'er I saw,
There is hunting, fishing and fowling,
And salmon-trowling as e'er I saw;
There's quail and partridge the like
surrounding,

All in that island call'd Legalaw.
The cuckow sings on the first of April,
It is not descending from bush to bush,
The blackbirds sing both late and early,
In company with the sweet lovely
thrush:

The duck and mallard aloft descending,
The fox and eagle lie in the wood.
There's pleasant boating in summer
evening,

Who can say but this place is good.
And in that island there is a building,
That's free from crack or flaw,
Projectors from a foreign country.

Come over here their plans to draw,
And in that island there's a water,
That far exceeds the German Spa.
From Dublin city to Londonderry,
There is none can equal Legalaw.

8. *Birmingham Sall.*

FROM Birmingham I first did come,
They call'd me saucy Sally;
I lov'd the tattoo, and rose with the
drum,

Whene'er it beat revelly.

With my roundy downy, &c.
When first I sold my Birmingham ware,
I rose both late and early,

To hammer their pins and polish their
steel,

For I know they lov'd it dearly.
At eighteen years I follow'd the camp
And left my mam and daddy;
O'er hill and heath I lov'd to tramp,
And kiss with my soldier laddy.
The private and the serjeant too,
Would often lay a wager;
I'd kiss with neither of the two,
If I could kiss the major.

I buck'd for all both great and small,
I daily made mylanders;
I beat my lather, and pleas'd them all
And so did Moll of Flanders.

I quitted the camp and follow'd the rule
The Devil may take the failers,
My culls to gun, and at Liverpool,
I kiss'd with the jolly sailors.

From Liverpool to Manchester,
At Fusilian I did delve it,
And if you will believe me, Sir,
I clean'd my teeth with velvet.
From Manchester to London town,
The Bagnios I frequented,
And there I flash'd a Mot of renown,
With powder and perfume scented.
A modest Milliner now at last,
My culls I'm over-reaching,
And so adieu to all that's past,
For in Tavistock Street I'm stitching.

9. *A Damsel of Sixteen.*

ILling of a damsel just turn'd of
sixteen, (had seen,
Who never the world for the dangers
But yet was so wise as to know;
But yet was so wise as to know;
When ask'd for a favour she would not
bestow,

Her answer was always heigh-ho,
One day as this damsel she carelessly
fray'd, (and spade

Where Roger was busy with pick-axe
But she did not see him I vow:

Then down on the grass her soft limbs
she did throw,
And sigh'd, without knowing,
heigh-ho

The wind, as she slept, with her beauties made free, (ties d d fer,
And as this young Delphin her be- u- It was something which he
No wonder his bosom did glow, Did perceive in the sky,
For in such case as this he's a fool to He told us he was sure
let go, That a storm was nigh,
A damsel that answers heigh-ho Like the roaring of thunder
She wak'd in a fright, but too late to We are to't about,
prevent, (intent, Which makes many a bold sailor,
What now she perceiv'd was his wicked Though valiant and stout,
For he had surpriz'd her you know; Stand shak'ng and trembling,
But willing at last f me repentment to Like hope and despair,
Now, One moment so low,

She cried, in a passion, heigh-ho.

10. *The Charming Fellow.*

O WHAT care I for Mam or Dad,
Why, let them roar or bellow,
For while I live I'll love my lad,
He's such a charming fellow.
At last fair-day upon the green,
The lad he dar'd so well, O;
So spruce a swain there was not seen.
At my sweet charming fellow.
The fair was o'er, night was come,
The lad was something meek;
My dear, says e, I'll see you home,
I thank'd the charming fellow.
We trudg'd along, the moon shone
bright,

Says he, If you'll not tell, O,
I'll kiss you now by this good light,
O what a charming fellow!
Ye rogue, says I, you'll stop my breath,
The ball tolls out my knell, O;
Again I'd die so sweet a death,
With such a charming fellow.

11. *The Sea Storm.*

PRETTY Nancy of Yarmouth,
My joy and delight,
This is a kind letter
I am going to write;
It is to inform you
What we undergo,
All on the salt sea,
Where the stormy winds blow.
It was early one evening,
Just before it was dark,

Our honourable captain
Kindly shew'd us a mark;
It was something which he
Did perceive in the sky,
He told us he was sure
That a storm was nigh,
Like the roaring of thunder
We are to't about,
Which makes many a bold sailor,
Though valiant and stout,
Stand shak'ng and trembling,
Like hope and despair,
One moment so low,
And the next in the air.
It was early next morning,
Just before break of day,
Our honourable captain
Unto us did say,
Be all in good cheer,
Be all in good heart, boys,
And whilst we have sea room
My brave boys never fear,
A ship in distress, Sirs,
Is a most dismal sight,
Like an army of soldiers
Just going to fight.
Tho' a soldier may fly
From his most dismal doom,
While poor sailors submit
To their wat'ry tomb.

12. *The Banks of Shannon.*

IN Summer when the leave were g'n,
And lessons deck'd each tree,
Young Teddy then declar'd his love,
His ardent love to me.
On Shannon's flow'ry banks we sat,
And there he told his tale,
Dear Patty, softest of thy sex!
Oh! let fond love prevail.
Ah, well-a-day! you see me poor,
In sorrow and despair,
Yet heed me not, then let me die,
And end my grief and care.
Ah! no, dear youth, I softly said,
Such love demands my thanks,
And here I vow eternal truth
On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

Again we vow'd eternal truth,
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks,
 With joy we gather'd sweetest flowers,
 And play'd such artless pranks;
 But woe is me, the press-gang came,
 And forc'd my Ned away,
 Just when we nam'd next morning fair
 To be our wedding day.
 My love, he cry'd, they forc'd me hence,
 But still my heart is thine,
 All peace be your's, my gentle Pat,
 While war and toil is mine.
 With riches I'll return to thee;
 I fob'd out words of thanks,
 And then we vow'd eternal truth,
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks.
 Once more we vow'd eternal truth,
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks,
 Alas! I saw him sail away,
 And join the hostile ranks;
 From morn to eve for twelve dull months
 His absence sad I mourn'd;
 The peace was made, the ship came back,
 But Teddy ne'er return'd.
 His beautiful and manly form
 Has won a nobler fair,
 My Teddy's false, and I, forlorn,
 Must die in sad despair.
 Ye gentle maidens, see me laid,
 While you stand round in ranks,
 And plant a willow o'er my head,
 On Shannon's flow'ry banks.

13. The Jolly Lads.

COME my jolly lads, the wind's a blast,
 Brisk gales our sails shall crowd,
 Come bustle, bustle, bustle, boys,
 Haul the boat, the boatwain pipes
 aloud,
 The ship's unmoor'd,
 All hands on board,
 The rising gale
 Fills every sail,
 The ship's well mann'd and stor'd.
 Then sling the flowing bowl,
 Fond hopes arise,
 The girls we prize,
 Shall bless each jovial soul:
 The cannon boys bring,
 We'll drink and sing,
 While foam'g billows roll

Tho' to the Spanish coast
 We're bound to steer,
 We'll still our rights maintain,
 Till n bear a hand, be steady boys,
 Soon you'll see
 Old Eng' s once again:
 From shore to shore,
 While cannon roar,
 Our Tars shall show
 The haughty foe,
 Britannia rules the main.

14. The Poor Soldier.

YOU know I'm your priest, and your
 conscience is mine. (sign.
 But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good
 So leave off your raking, and marry a
 wife, (tied for life.
 And then, my dear Darby, you're set-
 Sing Ballynamona ore,
 A good merry wedding for me.
 The banns being publish'd, to chapel
 we go. (white as snow,
 The bride and the bridegroom in coats
 So modest her air, and so sheepish her
 look, (out my book.
 You out with your ring, and I pull
 I thumb out the place, and I then read
 away, ('obey,
 She blushes at love, and she whispers
 You take her dear hand to have and to
 hold, (gold.
 I shut up my book, and I pocket your
 The neighbours wish joy to the bride-
 groom and bride, (side,
 The piper before us you march side by
 A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each
 face, (Grace.
 The piper plays up, myself I say
 The joke now goes round, and the
 stocking is thrown, (left alone,
 The curtains are drawn, and you're both
 'Tis then, my good boy, I believe you're
 at home, (months to come.
 And hey for a christ'ning at nine

15. The Resolute Lover.

OVER hills and over dales,
 Over mountains and vallies,
 Where my true love is kept,
 From me out of spite and malice.

I went unto her uncle's house,
 And there I did enquire;
 Their answer was no such one is here,
 Which set my heart on fire.
 My true love hearing of my voice,
 She look'd out at the window;
 I 'ain would be in your company,
 But locks and bolts me hinder.
 Then I stood musing for awhile,
 All in an angry humour,
 My passion flew my sword I drew,
 And in the house I enter'd.
 The locks and bolts I made fly,
 The doors I split in shatters,
 And by that mean I gain'd her liberty,
 And quickly I got at her.
 Her uncle after a bailiff went,
 Soon after he did follow,
 And swore if I did not quit the place,
 I in my blood shou'd wallow.
 I took my true love by the hand,
 My sword all in the other,
 And you young men that lovers like,
 Take one and fight the other.

16. *Nancy, I have lost my Wig.*

NANCY, I have lost my wig,
 Did you see my Jazey,
 Powder'd well, with curls so big,
 I sh ll sure go crazy;
 How my skull it first forsook,
 It is past recounting;
 Perhaps the wind away it took,
 In the air high mounting.
 Never shall I see one more,
 That is equal to it,
 Not the lawyers swell'd before,
 With its three tails to it;
 Ne ther bag, nor bob, nor queue,
 Or the doctor's grizzle,
 Or the tyburn top in view,
 Had so fine a frizzle.
 Strike it on a table's verge,
 When its hair was knotted,
 In ringlets soon it would emerge,
 As it ne'er was clotted:
 Flaxen, chestnut, or cole black,
 It could beat them all, Sir,
 Tho' it had got a little crack,
 And greasy in the caul, Sir.

Ask the Barbers every where,
 If by chance they have found it;
 Some piss-burnt Spanish here and there
 Does, you'll find, surround it:
 Nancy, if you find my wig,
 Bring to me my Jazey,
 I with gratitude quite big,
 Will always strive to please ye.

17. *The Irish Lad.*

EACH pretty young miss, with a long
 heavy purse, (had:
 Is courted, and flatter'd, and easily
 She longs to be taken for better or worse,
 And quickly elopes with an Irish lad.
 The wife, when forsaken for bottle or
 dice, (and sad,
 Her dress all-neglected, and sighing
 Finds delight in sweet converse, and
 changes her sighs (ri-lad.
 For the good-humour'd chat of an
 The widow, in sorrow, declines the
 sweet joys
 Of public amusement, in fable all clad,
 The widow her twelvemonth in sorrow
 employs; (t d.
 Then hastens to church with an Irish
 Then be sure take a glass on St. Pa-
 trick's day. (had:
 True pleasure enjoy while it is to be
 To the pipe and tabor foot it away,
 Each pretty young girl with an Irish
 lad.

To be sure she dan't, &c.

18. *The Sailor's Wife.*

COME all you wild young men,
 A warning take by me,
 And see you go no more,
 Into a foreign country.
 As I myself have done,
 The very last day in May,
 I parted from all friends,
 For I could no longer stay.
 When I came to the sea,
 What a valiant man was I.
 To fight in my King's behalf,
 For my King and country.
 Our ship she was rigg'd and mann'd,
 And all things fitting for sea,

Five hundred and forty good men,
 For to bear us company.
 As we were sailing along,
 The very first thing we did spy,
 Were five sail of French men of war
 And for us they did lay by.
 We hoisted all our topails,
 And our bloody flag we let fly,
 Prepar'd was every man,
 For the Lord knows who must die.

Our captain was wounded full sore,
 And so were most of our men,
 Our yards and our masts being gone,
 We were forc'd to strike to them
 Our decks being sprinkled with blood
 Our great guns aloud did roar ;
 I could wish myself at home,

With my own dearest girl on shore.
 She is a tall and likely lass,
 She has a black and a rolling eye,
 And lay bleeding on the deck,
 And 'tis for her sake I die.
 If I had wings like a dove,
 I would fly up into the air,
 And there I would range the world,
 Till I found out my lovely dear.

19 *A Bold Stroke for a Wife.*
COME all you young men and maids,
 Listen to me awhile,
 I think that my merry song,
 Will make you all for to smile,
 It is of a sailor so brave,
 That long on the salt seas had been,
 Retain'd a wife was to have,

For a faint heart will ne'er a fair lady win.

Altho' my love's cruel parents
 Would never give their consent,
 Yet for to have the fair maid,
 I surely am fully bent

On em're I will them try,
 Or return to the seas where I've been,
 For her I will have if I can,

A faint heart will ne'er a fair lady win.

Without any more ado,
 U to my own true love I went,

For to know of her her mind,
 I then was fully bent ;
 When her parents they did me see,
 They vow'd I shou'd ne'er come
 again ;

(doors fly,
 Damn the liars, said I, I'll make the
 A faint heart will ne'er a fair lady win.
 My love to her parents did say,

He's the man, I adore none but him,
 Your gold I freely despise,

So my jolly sailor me give ;
 No other my favour shall gain,

To no other my hand I will join,
 So they straitway gave their consent,

A faint heart will ne'er a fair lady win.
 Don't you think, my brave brother

sailors, -
 That I very well acted my part,

For tho' I'm a sailor so bold,
 I won both her parents hearts ;

So her parents they gave their consents,
 Such a girl sure never was seen ;

Let your valour be try'd for a wife,
 A faint heart will ne'er a fair lady

win.
 20. *Woman, Love, and Wine.*

YE murmuring brooks, ye fanning
 breeze,

Gay myrtle flowery banks and trees,
 To dote on some incline for nobler

blessings divine,
 The greater joys beneath the skies,

Is woman, love, and wine, is woman,
 love, and wine.

From sane to sense whilst thousands rave,
 Unless by woman, wine, and love,

In secret let them pine,
 Whilst the world with pleasure tell.

We all may every care dispel,
 With woman, love, and wine.

Ye sons of joy, for true delight
 Derive woman, love and wine unite,

This great resolve is mine ;
 Superior powers shall wish to taste,

My joys shall flow while life doth last,
 With woman, love, and wine,

With woman, love, and wine.

